Oh mercie God, what masking ſtuffe is heere?
Whats this? a ſleeue? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe:
Why what a deuils name a Tailor cal'ſt thou this?
Hor. I ſee ſhees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome ſir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.
Kate. I neuer ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tail. She ſaies your Worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne houſe with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt thinke on prating whil'ſt thou liu'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worſhip is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iuſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it ſhould be done.
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the ſtuffe.
Tail. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?
Gru. Marrie ſir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not requeſt to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.
Tail. I haue.
Gru. Face not mee: thou haſt brau'd many men, braue not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brau'd. I ſay vnto thee, I bid thy

Maſter cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him c
Ergo thou lieſt.
Tail. Why heere is the note of the faſhion to t
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in's throate if he ſay I ſaid
Tail. Inprimis a looſe bodied gowne.
Gru. Maſter, if euer I ſaid looſe-bodied gow
the Skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bott
thred: I ſaid a gowne.
Pet. Proceede.
Tail. With a ſmall compaſt cape.
Gru. I confeſſe the cape.
Tail. With a trunke ſleeue.
Gru. I confeſſe two ſleeues.
Tail. The ſleeues curiouſly cut.
Pet. I there's the villainie.
Gru. Error i'th bill ſir, error i'th bill? I command
ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd vp againe, and that I'l
thee, though thy litle finger be armed in a thimble.
Tail. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in
thou ſhouldſt know it.
Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill,
meate-yard, and ſpare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he ſhall haue n
Pet. Well ſir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right ſir, 'tis for my miſtris.
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy maſters vſe.
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Miſt
for thy maſter vſe.
Pet. Why ſir what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh ſir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke f
Take vp my Miſtris gowne to his maſters vſe.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow
Take no vnkindneſſe of his haſtie words:
Away I ſay, commend me to thy maſter.
Pet. Well come my *Kate*, we will vnto your father